

## **PennywisexReader by GarazebOrreliosExpialidocious**

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**Summary:** READ THE WARNINGS Warning: This story will contain a lot of triggering things: Rape, suicide, self harm, smut, physiological torment, Cuss words and so on. If you are under the age of 18 DO NOT READ. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

## 1. Now You See It

### □Warning□

This story and chapter contains suggested themes of Rape, and triggering disturbances of suffocating and sleep paralysis. Please do not read if these types of subject matter bother you. Otherwise please enjoy the story.

"Through a process called potentiation, your fear response is amplified if you are already in a state of fear. When you are primed for fear, even harmless events seem scary. As humans we are..."

The professors words began to fade as you slipped into a deep sleep. Before you knew it you had faded into a familiar scene.

A reoccurring dream that felt incredibly real. Effortlessly and without fail, anytime you closed your eyes the past three days you would awaken in a dark place. It was just you, surrounded by nothing but pitch black, the smell of sugary treats and faint noises in the distance. Laughter from small children, Dancing Bells, and the unmistakeable chuckle of a circus clown could be heard. The noises seemed to echo from every direction making it impossible to pinpoint a specific source. The same could be said for the sweet smell of caramel corn that engulfed your nose, followed by cotton candy and fried treats. All the while the seamless forever all around you remained black.

The dream never lasted more than a few minutes, despite waking up hours after drifting off. You learned the first time that regardless of how far and fast you ran in any direction, it lead nowhere. The second night you spent the entirety of what felt like three or four minutes yelling. Shouting "hello" at first, asking for help next and ultimately cursing once you realized you were completely alone. The third night you just stood there, blankly staring deep into endless space.

This was now the fourth time and it was beginning to grow tiring in a way that made the apparition of yourself yawn, unaware of the dangers that soon would follow. You sighed and sat down on the cold black surface beneath your feet, waiting to wake up and go on with

the rest of the day.

"That's odd" You thought to yourself as your hands caressed the surface below you. You could feel blades of grass between your fingers, but when you looked down nothing was there. Curiously you began to pluck at the ground. A ripping sound startled you as clump of grass tore from the surface into your palms. The bright color green stood out among the charcoal. A smile cracked on your face accompanied by a fleeting moment of triumph. Almost immediately your heart sank. The blades of grass began to melt into a black goo that began to drip between your fingers.

"What the fuck!" You quickly wiped the substance on your pants in annoyance, only to be further agitated when your hand became glued to the cotton fabric. A small panic began to tighten your chest as you struggled to free yourself, but it was no use.

"Fucking fine!" you growled before finally giving up, leaving you huffing with disdain. At this point you were more than ready to wake up. It was now exceeding past the routine time.

You tilted your head back with a heavy annoyance as you click your tongue to mimic the tik tok of a clock only stopping to mutter to yourself. "Come on Y/N... wake up all r- ... "

Your sentence was halted by a lump in your throat as two small yellow lights lit up in he distance behind you.

"Could those be Carnival lights?" You logically theorized the new gimmick. It wasn't until the question had hit it's punctuation that you realized the eerie silence. A chill up your spine. You took a deep breath in answering the following question, the smells had mysteriously vanished as well. Now nothing kept you company now besides the two yellow lights far in the distance that seemed to be staring at you.

In defiance of every instinct that told you to just stay put and wait it out, you began to push yourself off the ground with the intention of walking towards the lights.

"W-what!?" You cried out with confusion, your body refusing to

budge. Your legs were glued to the surface much like your hand that still remained glued to your pant leg, now followed by your other hand that you had attempted to use to lodge your body off the floor, it too was stuck.

The small panic previously formed in your chest spread rapidly to your entire body, causing all of your muscles to stiffen. At the moment the only ability you had was to slightly wriggle, but it wasn't enough to satiate the continued growing attack. Warm salted liquid began to bead in the corners of your eyes now widened, but you fought back the tears.

Suddenly remembering the lights, you turned your head back in hope that there was any salvation to the current experience. You squinted. "Where the lights getting closer?"

Yes, and at an alarming fast pace.

"Hello? Is anyone there, can you hear me!?" You called out with the only tool you had left. Praying the yellow tinted spears were a rescue party.

"Yeah flashlights.. that makes sense. Don't panic.. remember it's just a Dream.." You desperately tried to keep yourself calm, but being held against your will was suffocating. It always had been ever since you were young. Flashbacks flooded your senses remember the countless times your now antiquated step father would lock you in a closet as punishment, followed by the memories of waking up more times than you could count with sleep paralysis. You began wriggle faster as nausea set in.

That's when you heard his voice for the first time. It was faint, but as clear as a cloudless sky. Unmistakably male, but unlike any male voice you had ever heard. The raspy almost waterlogged sound escaping the unfamiliar persons windpipes made you immediately freeze, forgetting your inability to move and invoking a new fear.

He was singing. A muffled jingle of a bell followed the tune. You had instantly recognized the song. A song that turned your blood to ice with the psychological trauma behind it. The same song he would hum down the hallway, before entering your bedroom late at

night when everyone else was sleeping. Your gut twisted as the man stuttered through the words.

"H-h-hush little baby

Don't. Say. A word.

P-p-papas gunna buy you a m-m-mocking bird

And if that mocking bird d-don't sing

Papa gunna buy you a diamond ring"

The verse ended and a jingle echoed into space as the room suddenly erupted with a burst of chaotic laughter. This snapped you back to reality quickly checking behind you once more, your body shaking from fear and anguish, begging the rescue party to be close by now. To your horror the lights were nowhere close, in fact they were gone now. A creeping feeling on your leg made you whip your head back forward. You looked down only to notice black liquid slowly engulfing your bottom half.

"No.. no.. no.. NO!" You screamed as the black liquid twisted further and further up to your tights, then your waist covering your arms. It was just about to your neck when you saw a dimly lit silhouette towering over you. It was too dark to make out any defining features. It wasn't until the figure smiled and opened its eyes did you recognize the glowing hue. Two amber eyes stared at you followed by a large toothy grin. You could see red stripes crossed across his deep sunken eyes and a dark berry red nose.

"This is going to be fun, don't you think?" The voice that was singing previously cackled at you right before the black liquid swallowed you whole.

## **2. Now You Dont**

You gasped rapidly for air, shooting straight up in your chair as a loud thud jolted you awake. You glanced up with wide eyes only to find your professor staring right back at you, having slammed your psychology textbook on your desk. His mouth twisted as if he had ate something sour.

"Honestly Miss Y/LN has my class been that boring? I've caught you multiple times during this week seemingly rather distracted. I've paid little mind to it, but falling asleep is pushing my patience."

You strained to focus on his words. Your ear drums still rang with the sound of bells and laughter. You suddenly felt the urge to cough. Covering your mouth with the back of your hand you hacked forcefully to clear your throat. Something thick coated your skin. You pulled your hand away from your face with question that quickly turned to confusion. The black liquid that had swallowed you up in your dream now sat glistening on your skin. "But how?"

"Miss Y/LN are you even listening to me!?" Your professor shouted this time.

You quickly ducked your hand beneath your desk before he could notice. "Shit, yes sorry I'm listening!" You gritted your bottom teeth and cast him an innocent smile. Despite the anxiety that thumped in your chest you were still able to bat your eyes like a puppy begging for forgiveness after doing something bad.

"Oh no no, that will not work on me again." He crossed his arms and shook his head fervently.

Almost all A's, but often times than not you found yourself getting scolded for either goofing off or not paying attention. This was the first time however you had ever fallen victim to sleeping during class.

"I speculate you realize your grade has undoubtedly slipped over the past week, being the bright student that you are. However if you keep it up at this rate you will soon find yourself on the fast track to

failure"

"Failure?" The word itself twisted your stomach. Your parents had spent what little of there savings left for you to be able to attend this class. "Mr. Stewart my parents will kill me if I fail. They paid for me to take this class and I-I.." You began to stutter nervously.

Mr. Stewart sighed having been satisfied to at least get his point made. "I realize the last few months have not been easy on you. I've given you the benefit of the doubt, but it's up to you wether you want to pass and earn your degree." He took a moment to think before continuing. "Very well, I can't change your grade but I will give you an extra credit written assignment. Due Monday afternoon"

"Oh thank you Mr. Stewart! Thank you!" You breathed with relief while scooping up your backpack getting ready to leave. Your eyes furrowed as they landed on your hand you had coughed on earlier. The black liquid was gone. You turned your hand over twice to make sure you didn't miss it, but sure enough it had disappeared. You shrugged it off before turning your attention back to your professor, chalking it up to have been imagined.

He grumbled "I want a 2000 word essay on my desk Monday morning. Your subject matter being the entire discussion of what you've missed this week." He paused dramatically. "What is fear."

He made a gesture with his hands as if he was trying to scare you, but you just rolled your eyes in reply before turning to leave the classroom.

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Relief constructed itself into the form of puffing your cheeks of air the slowly discarding it. You couldn't believe how easy your professor was letting you off this time.

You were fortunate enough to have a dorm right on campus, being only a five minute walk from class. The cement sidewalk lit up in a fiery hue of orange as the sun began to set, class ended at 5pm. Above you a bat swooped across your path. You stopped to look up and watched it awfully wishing you could enjoy the dawn air as

freely, a melancholy smile on your lips. After it had flew off and vanished into the woods you went back to strolling forwards. A soft breeze caressed the hair on your head.

"That's... odd" You stopped again almost immediately after taking a few steps forward. Turning your head slowly to the right you glanced into the woods where the bat had vanished, then to the left towards the campus buildings. There was no one around. Yet in front of you a little ways ahead stood a bright red balloon. It floated perfectly still even as the wind continued tickling your face. Something about the moment gave you sudden eerie feeling in the pit of your stomach.

The wind began to pick up faster now. A strong gust blowing against your back as if it were trying to push you forward. The forecast today had only predicted a clear day with a gentle breeze. You gripped your backpack tightly and tried to resist the continued pressure as it grew even stronger. Your toes curled as your body stiffened. Any moment it felt like your legs were going to give in and drag you forward. All the while the balloon stayed put, directly in front of you, unaffected by the wind.

Hey!! Y/N wait up!" A voice called out from behind you. In a instant the wind dropped.

"Hey what's up?, why are you all hunched over like that" Your best friend, Jessica chuckled as she reached your side. You still clung tightly to your backpack. You quickly regained your composure realizing how laughable you must have looked standing their in such a fashion.

"Didn't you feel that wind?" You asked her feeling flustered.

"Uh.. no?" Jessica glanced around. "The weathers been pretty great all day" she shrugged.

Baffled by her answer you abruptly remembered the balloon. "Hey is that your..." You question narrowed down once your eyes locked straight ahead. The balloon was gone.

"Never.. mind?" you shook the question off quickly, but the same could not be said for the haunting feeling still choking your stomach.

"It must have been blown away" You concluded in your head, but you knew full and well you didn't believe that.

"Alrighty then, weirdo." Jessica grinned at you pulling you back into reality and walking towards your dorm. You followed her with caution, your eyes continuously shifting all around.

"Hey, so are you excited for this weekend?" Jessica grinned. "You know who's going to be there!. Just picture it. You two all alone in the woods, underneath the stars. It'll be the perfect time to make a move and finally win him over!"

A few kids on campus had organized a Halloween camping trip. Troy captain of the football team had convinced his parents to let them use the lake house to host the event. It wasn't going to be anything fancy. Just a few of the popular kids doing what older kids do. Party.

"FUCK!" You groaned tossing your head back in annoyance. "Mr. Stewart's making me write a 2000 word essay by Monday. Otherwise I'm going to flunk his class." You scowled.

"WHAT!? You.. flunking? How is that even possible?" Jessica half heartedly laughed.

"I fell asleep during class today! I have no idea why. I've been plenty rested this week." You murmured.

"Do you think it has anything to do with.."

"DON'T" You abruptly cut her off.

"Hey, it's only been 2 months" Jennifer put her arm on your shoulder with concern. "It's only natural that you would.."

You stopped walking and closed your eyes, trying to push down the events of that rainy night, but your mind was already pulled into it. You felt the full weight of water crushing against your lungs as your car sank to the body of the river. Tugging violently on your seatbelt you glanced into the back to seat just as

The water dipped over your younger brothers head.

Jessica grabbed you by the arm. "Hey, come on" She yanked you out of your thoughts and continued moving forward. "I shouldn't have brought it up. Let's talk about something else okay? What's been new with you lately?"

You thought about the question for a moment before becoming uncomfortably aware of how boring your life was. Nothing was out of the ordinary, well expect maybe one thing.

"Uhm.. well lately I've been have these weird dreams. . Re-accruing dreams"

"Oh! Fascinating!! Tell me about them! I bet Troy was in them huh?" Jessica tugged your arm off begging you to tell her.

"Well.." You spent the rest of the walk to your dorm explaining everything that had happened. Jessica listened with wide eyes as you reached the climax of the dream.

"But this time.. there was this.. this clown! All of a sudden I felt like I was drowning in black tar and then I see these big amber eyes, large sharp teeth, a white face with red stripes. I could have sworn it was looking at me as if I was a meal or something!" You concluded.

"Well its a good thing your aren't afraid of clowns huh?" She nudged you sarcastically in the side, laughing at how ridiculous the dream sounded.

You shrugged off her teasing with a nervous laugh as you reached your room. Thankfully Jessica hadn't caught on to your tone. You could never reveal the truth that your fear of clowns was in fact the exact opposite. You actually found them to be quiet fascinating. But that would never sit well with the popular kids, so what better way to cover it up than tell everyone your afraid of them.

"Hey, don't sweat it." Jessica hugged you lovingly, blissfully unaware of your guilty pleasure. "They're just dreams. They don't mean anything. Try to get that paper started and get packed up! We leave tomorrow !" She waved goodbye to you.

"At least my room mate dropped out so I get my dorm all to myself"

You sighed entering your room. "Too bad Jessica couldn't have been my roommate. Then again, I might not get anything done if that was the case." You snickered to yourself.

You threw your bag on the bed and sat down by your computer desk. Your reflection glared back at you in the dark of the computers monitor. "Ugh" you pushed on the bags underneath your eyes promptly feeling exhausted. They began to slowly close the weight of sleep nagging at you. You fought against it spreading them wide, lifting your hand to start up the computer. It clicked on. The bright light blasting you in the face.

"What the hell..." Your strained your eyes at your computer screen. "Is this some kind of sick joke?"

The wallpaper of your computer had been changed. What once was a very majestic photo of a dolphins riding a tiger wielding a machine gun, had been changed into a plain black screen with one single red balloon dead centered. The same eerie feeling from before crept back into your stomach. This time feeling more personal. And then you heard it.

A waterlogged growl that slowly formed into a cackle and then an almost familiar voice spoke.

"Hello.. doll"

Your palms began to sweat.

Before you could react a hand tangled itself into your hair. Frozen from fear you ceased all mobility. Your body felt cold. The hand tangled more into your hair until it curled it's fingers inwards and began tugging. Pulling with so much force it dragged you backwards out of the chair.

"WHAT THE FU.."

A second hand covered by a big white glove clasped around your mouth.

"H-Hush now baby doll. I've had my eyes on you" The raspy voice whispered. It was almost soothing as it tickled your eardrums. You

felt a smile break out on his lips as his cheek twisted upwards against your ear.

Unexpectedly a faint smell drifted into your nose, the sweet caramel corn and cotton candy... almost masking the scent of rotten flesh and death.